

# Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME XVII.

IRONTON MO., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1883.

NUMBER 91


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**CHARTER OAK STOVES**

**8 JOB PRINTING 8**  
OF ALL KINDS DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

### The Pacific Coast.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Aug. 27, '83.

*Ed. Register*—Since I wrote last, in March, I have seen some of the towns and country on this coast, which I will try to describe. When I arrived in Los Angeles, Cal., my first stopping place, I found it to be a very pretty and lively town of 23,000 inhabitants, situated on a small stream of the same name, and eighteen miles from the ocean. It is surrounded by high hills covered with green grass and clumps of trees. The whole town reminded me of a nicely kept park or flower garden. The orange orchards, with trees loaded with fine yellow fruit, are beautiful. Los Angeles is the principal town in Southern California, and all kinds of business is prosperous. There are about two counties of fine land around the city that produce well when irrigated. It rains sometimes sufficiently to produce a good crop; but farmers cannot depend on the rains, as there have been twenty-two months without any rain at all. The principal crops grown are barley and alfalfa. The fruits are oranges, lemons, limes and grapes. We spent two weeks in the flowery town very pleasantly, and one morning at five o'clock took the train for Calico Camp, a new silver mine on the A. & P. R. R., about two hundred miles northeast of Los Angeles. The train was not crowded, and we were enjoying the trip, until nine o'clock, when we ran into a sand storm on the Mojave Desert, within about six miles of the station where is the junction of the S. P. & A. P. railroads. Finding there were several trains in the town already, and sand bound, we camped for the night at the place where we struck the storm, to listen to the whistling wind or to sleep until morning. When we awoke in the morning the sun was shining brightly, but the wind was still blowing at a fearful rate. Most of the passengers, having had no supper or breakfast, felt like looking for a hotel. By eleven o'clock, there having been about a hundred Chinamen at work shoveling sand, we succeeded in getting into town. The sand had drifted on the track from three to four feet deep. Trying to walk facing the storm reminds one of a heavy snow storm; but instead of the wind carrying with it soft snow flakes, it hurled sand and small pebbles into one's face and eyes. At seven o'clock in the evening we pulled out for Calico, and arrived in that place at twelve o'clock the same night. The next morning I went out to see the town. Besides the depot, there were six or seven new box houses in a row with the sign "Saloon" on the front of each, about the same number of tents, one blacksmith shop, and two corral. These constituted the town of Calico. Seven miles across the desert, in the side of one of those barren mountains, we could see the mines. Not a living thing in the line of vegetation was to be seen as far as the eye could reach except some small sage brush about two feet high. I staid in the place nearly two months, during which time we had almost one continual storm. I returned to Los Angeles by the same route, and there met our friend Dr. Grissom again, who had completed a nice house during my absence from the place. He was not well then, but has recovered his health since I left the town.

After remaining in Los Angeles two days on my return from Calico Camp, I took a steamer for San Francisco—distance 490 miles. I had heard of sea sickness, and thought only delicate persons could be made sick by the roll of the ship; but guess I was not correct, as three-fourths of the persons on board were terribly sick. The ship was not crowded and the ocean was smooth, so those who were well enough had a very pleasant trip, there being on board a minstrel troupe which made fine music and good life for the whole crowd. We landed at several ports on the way, and had time to walk out on the hills and shoot some squirrels and have "a large time generally." About forty-two hours' run and we were in the bay at San Francisco; here we could see vessels from all parts of the world, and of all kinds. The city is built on the high hills and in the small valleys south of the bay. The streets are narrow as a general thing, and run in every direction, but finally all come together at Market street; so there is no danger of getting lost. Most of the streets are paved with cobble stone, a kind of round flint rock, which makes them very rough. I visited several places of amusement, including Woodward's Garden and the California Theatre, and went through the Palace Hotel, which is the second largest hotel in the world.

After spending three days in San Francisco, we took steamer for Portland, Oregon—distance 670 miles. The vessel was crowded, and forty or fifty passengers slept on the floor. The ocean was rough, and most of the crowd were sick. I got along pretty well until the last night. I gave my berth to a young man who was sicker than myself, and I slept on a bed down in the dining room between the legs of a table and the wall, a space of about three feet. All night long the old boat seemed like it would turn over, and I rolled from the table legs to the wall and back a great many times. I didn't eat much breakfast next morning. At ten o'clock A. M. we came to the mouth of the Columbia river, where there is a bar that makes it a little difficult for large vessels to get into the stream; but we crossed without any trouble, which brought us to Astoria, on the right bank of river and 112 miles from Portland. Astoria is a small town built close on the Columbia, on the steep banks and in the gullies, and is full of saw mills. The Columbia is a narrow, deep river, and in most places high hills covered with fir and pine timber loom up on both sides. The scenery is fine, and the passengers had all gotten well by this time and were out on deck.

We reached Portland at eight o'clock P. M. The city is built on the west side of the Willamette river, twelve miles above its mouth. It is the largest and most business place in the Northwest; has a population of 35,000, and is building up rapidly. The town stands on very good ground; the streets are well laid out and are well paved. The N. P. R. Co. is commencing to build a bridge here; also car shops and a large hotel. The ocean steamers can run up to this place without any trouble. Portland will certainly be a large city in a few years. Like all other towns on this coast, it is crowded with Chinese. They are engaged in most all kinds of business here, and run several theatres. A Chinese band of music reminds me of a crowd of boys with tin pans, bells, etc. There is but little difference in the appearance of the two sexes: the women braid their hair differently, wear ear rings and the largest breeches.

By the way, I had the pleasure last week of meeting our friend Mr. George H. Stevenson, formerly of Iron county who is located at Cascades, W. T. He is County Auditor; is looking "fat and fine," and getting along nicely.

**W. J. R.**

The amounts paid into the United States Treasury as consequence money since 1861 aggregate \$186,459.01. A Treasury officer says that the payments are made in every conceivable way—by means of registered letters signed with fictitious names, by various forms of commercial paper, and through the priests and pastors of the conscience stricken persons. They almost invariably take great pains to conceal their identity, though a few boldly write the circumstances of their becoming indebted to the Government. Not long ago a letter accompanied by money was received at the department in which the sender wrote that the money was due the Government as duty on goods that were passed with a lot of others by a customs officer who was bribed by an unscrupulous member of the party. The largest revenue in any year since 1861 through contributions to the conscience fund was in 1868, when the amount was \$28,155.11. In 1873 the amount was \$23,302.77; in 1878, \$12,011.33; in 1882, only \$7,888.49; and it is estimated that this year it will be still less. This decrease may indicate that there is less opportunity or inclination to steal from the Government, or that men are becoming less sensitive to the prickings of conscience.

The Times-Democrat of New Orleans publishes interviews with Governors of many Southern States upon the prosperity and advancement of their respective Commonwealths, from which it appears that Alabama's cotton mills paid 15 per cent. dividends last year, her iron mills are wonderfully productive, and her tax rate has been reduced; that Georgia is adding 150,000 spindles to its cotton mills each year; that Mississippi is rapidly adding to its mileage of railroads; that Tennessee is making great strides since the State debt settlement; that Florida is reclaiming vast tracts of wild lands and filling up with settlers; that Louisiana's crops last year were the biggest ever gathered there; and that Texas has 37,000,000 acres of land to convert into a school fund, so that every child within her borders, white and black, can be educated without cost to the people.

### SUSPENDED!

Schulte, Hill & Nall, Private Bankers, of Fredericktown, Make an Assignment for the Benefit of Their Creditors.

Liabilities, About \$90,000.00—Assets, About \$100,000.

[Fredericktown Plaindealer, Sept. 6.] The well known banking firm of Schulte, Hill & Nall, whose standing as a firm of individuals has heretofore been counted the best in a financial way in this county and vicinity, were compelled on Tuesday to close their doors. To say that their suspension excited the surprise of the public, is putting it very mildly; it created such a state of consternation that nothing else was thought of and little else was talked about. Various were the rumors of the causes that led to the closing of the doors that had heretofore been open all the days of the year for years, except Sundays and holidays. Each rumor grew larger in figures by repetition. Speculation in this, that and the other thing by one of the firm was said by some to be at the bottom of it all; but the public, while ready to listen to all the rumors, were inclined to believe none until something more and to a certain extent authoritative could be learned.

Early Tuesday morning the firm decided that to continue business would be to do so to the prejudice of the creditors of the bank, and an assignment of the resources of the institution was determined on, and it was made at once, Joseph Schulte being selected as assignee. Jas. W. Hill and R. H. Nall supplemented this by an assignment of their individual real estate in this county; the latter even surrendering, for the benefit of his firm's creditors, his beautiful homestead situated in this city, which was his, exempt by law from any and all debts. Judge Schulte also assigned his real estate.

The Plaindealer reporter, wishing to present to its readers nothing but what is exact, sought out one of the firm and asked a statement of the condition of the bank and the causes which led it to suspension. He was told that the liabilities of the bank to its individual depositors was in the neighborhood of \$80,000.00 or \$90,000.00. That to pay this sum, the assignees would have the loans made by the bank on personal and real security, of which not more than \$5,000.00—outside of the loan to Hill, Nall & Co., of St. Louis, of about \$30,000—could be called bad or doubtful paper, and real estate, which together ought to realize \$100,000.00.

The rumors of the bank's embarrassed condition had been hinted at for about ten days, and during that time a number of depositors whose cars were reached and fears excited had very quietly withdrawn their surplus deposits, and when the doors were not opened on Tuesday morning, these few congratulated themselves "that they were not the other men." The cause of it all is said to be the amount (\$30,000.00) loaned to Hill, Nall & Co., of St. Louis, and the rumors brought here of that firm being involved. The rumor that the senior member of Hill, Nall & Co. had speculated and lost heavily in margins in lard, wheat and other products, is bitterly denied by that gentleman, and until something better than mere rumor of this fact is given to the public, his statement, we believe, will be credited.

We are informed, by the same source, that Hill, Nall & Co., if permitted to go on and manage its affairs, has stock and business enough to come out without the loss of a dollar to the creditors. But whatever may be the embarrassment of the St. Louis firm, it may be stated that the belief is expressed by the firm of Schulte, Hill & Nall that all of its creditors will be, as soon as the bank's assets can be realized on, paid in full.

Until the assignees file his bond and takes an inventory of the assets, nothing much more definite can be made known, and until this is done, it is no more than proper that the firm, who have shown their desire to make good all losses by assigning all their property to pay creditors, should receive the sympathy of the public. We believe this will be cheerfully accorded them.

We trust that a careful investigation of the affairs of the bank will show them to be in a better plight than our informant has even led us to believe, and we feel sure that the interested creditors will be carefully guarded by the assignee, Mr. Joseph Schulte.

### From Illinois.

*Ed. Register*—Your correspondent in this neck of woods, besides running a stumpy eighty-acre farm, has had the care of fifty colonies of bees, that during the summer have increased to one hundred, and *notens volens* practiced the maxim of duty before pleasure. One result has been that his letters to his old friend the REGISTER have been like angels' visits, few and far between. Even on Sundays, if not kept on the jump by swarming bees, neighbors and visitors were on hand to see the wonders of a successful apiary kept on something like a scientific plan. In honey the result will be something between 3,000 and 4,000, mostly in comb; and in fresh bees, fifty colonies. The honey is worth from 15 to 20 cents per pound; the bees from \$5 to \$8 per colo-

ny. Another result is, that you writer is absolutely positive that ignorance and laziness are about all that hinders the average granger from having all the pure honey he can use every day, and at every meal on his table. Italian bees, the judicious and timely scattering of the seeds of honey plants, make more or less honey a certain thing every year; but the bees must be intelligently and promptly looked after. The "let-her-rip" plan won't work with bees any more than it will with grape vines; but every man, woman or child with common sense enough to feed a chicken can easily learn to care for bees. Still, some of the natives here can hardly believe their own eyes when they see a six-year-old girl and a seven-year-old boy fussing over a full hive, removing and replacing sections, &c.; and yet children who play daily among the hives, as mine do, do this, and more, not only without fear, but with as much zest and delight as if they were playing house.

With hardly a whole Sunday to rest on in the whole year, one week day was taken as a holiday; and I attended the soldiers' reunion at Carrollton. The day was dusty; but music and cannon rip-roared and the eating "heap glorious." The speechifying, as usual on such and all other occasions, was done by lawyers who look down on society from a second or third-story window instead of standing in the furrow and looking at humanity from between the handles of a plow. Gen. Oglesby extended a warm invitation to the oppressed of all lands to come and buy homes here; but did not tell them that land for homes had a speculative value here; and that the more industrious they were, the more they improved land, the more and higher they would be taxed. He dwelt upon the dignity of labor, but forgot to explain how it was that human want increased among us as productive power increased. Judge Hawes, of Chicago, said the war was over, the victory ours; that "Everything was lovely."

And the goose hung high. There was nothing left to vex us but the tariff question, and it was not much of a question any way. He did not even dream that the query slowly but surely creeping into the minds of the sun-burned men he was talking to was not whether we should or should not tax the products of foreign labor, but whether we shall tax, directly or indirectly, the products of any human labor, foreign or domestic. Col. Phillips, of Missouri, told us that the Pratorian guard put the liberty of Rome up at auction; but he did not tell us that if the individuals composing the Pratorian guard had not been divorced from the soil, they could and would have brought corn and wine to market instead of being driven to the necessity of selling their votes. Neither did he tell us how and where the bidden at that auction gained wealth so indicative that they could afford to buy and waste the honor and the freedom of their country. He said there was only one man on the platform (Gen. Rowett) who understood the mysteries of our internal revenue system. Rowett remarked that all he knew about it was that the man who drank the most whiskey paid the most tax; whereupon your writer put in that Dick was out for it was the man who sweat to pay for the whiskey rather than the man who drank it that paid the tax.

From Carrollton to Roodhouse a number of us came back at dark on an extra. Here we boarded a car on the main track to wait for the excursion train. I went forward and was drawing a cup of water from the vat just as several ladies entered, when one of them, without saying please, suddenly and in a very excitable manner, stuck her head into my stomach with vigor; the other ladies followed up her attack most womanfully, so that by the time I was on my back in the aisle they were down on top of me, and I could see the gray hair and beard of an old man mixed up in the rumpled above me. The cup was full—full of ice-water—and not having time to drink it myself, I passed it to a passenger—a stranger—but so awkwardly that I got most of it down the back of his neck instead of his mouth, and the balance went around promiscuous like, just as the rain falls, upon both just and unjust. When we got things straightened out, some of the ladies suggested that the next time I undertook to perform the ceremony of sprinkling, it would be pleasant if warmer water were used. Some were thrown out of their seats, and one devoted child of Bacchus, in the back end of the car, gracefully rose from his seat and rolled over a cold and unappreciative stove. Investigation showed that some very careless railroad employes had left a car on the main line without a light, and a very naughty engineer had backed a heavy train against it with more speed than was good for the company's rolling stock.

I must quit now or I'll grow facetious; will resume, like a Quaker meeting, when the spirit moves me.

**FARMER.**

MURRAYVILLE, Ill., Aug. 25th, 1883.

A Nebraska thief devotes his time entirely to the larceny of hogs, and with great success. He goes forth by night armed with a long stick, to which a sponge is fastened, and a bottle of chloroform. The porcine victim is lulled to rest by the anæsthetic and then borne silently away. The other night one of the slumbering hogs rolled out of the thief's wagon. A kind-hearted farmer who came along the road assisted the thief to load up again, amid profuse thanks. When the farmer reached home he discovered that the pig was from his own sty.